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August 30, 1958

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Odds Against Knowland

MORRIE RYSKIND

The Right to Sponge on Everybody

COLM BROGAN

(See editorial, "Rockefeller It Is," p. 149)

Calling all students of public relations. Study carefully the job being done for Nelson Rockefeller as Governor in New York. You may live a hundred years and not see its equal.

from NATIONAL REVIEW, February 15, 1958

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · · JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

WILLMOORE KENDALL · DUANE THORIN · ANTHONY LEJEUNE

JAMES BURNHAM · L. BRENT BOZELL · THOMAS MOLNAR

For the Record

There has been a sudden reversal in attitude on the part of UN officials in regard to some aspects of the Povl Bang-Jensen case in the past ten days. The beleaguered Dane has finally been given access to the papers he was working on at the time the top brass had him escorted out of the building by UN guards.

Galled by restrictions on their freedom of movement, Poles are repeating to each other: "The Russians and the Americans are trying to reach the moon. When do you suppose we'll see Paris?". . . . Communist East Germany has released official figures revealing that 82,000 men and women in the 18 to 26 age group fled to the West during 1957. . . . The Canadian Government has volunteered to finance "repatriation" of 3,000 "Freedomites" to the Soviet Union, the only condition being that the members of the sect renounce Canadian citizenship.

Voters in the pivotal and industrial State of Ohio will have a chance to vote for or against right-to-work legislation in a November referendum. . . . Vice President Richard M. Nixon and his wife have received an invitation to return to Colombia for the World Coffee Fair next January. It is signed by fifteen thousand Colombians. . . . Modern Republican Arthur Larson will be looking at his party from the outside in the future. He departed the Eisenhower official family of "ghost" writers last week for the Duke University campus.

Dr. Walter Steinberg, an American citizen recently released from an East German prison, has told the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee that tourists in East Berlin are "fair game" in the Soviet campaign to force the United States to recognize the German Communist regime. Convicted of "sabotaging the five-year plan by purchasing a camera" while in the Communist zone and subjected to harassment and solitary confinement, Dr. Steinberg was told often that he would have been spared his ordeal if the U.S. had had a representative in East Germany.

Your Government in Business: While one military service was buying sun glasses for $5 a pair, another was selling them as surplus at less than $1.00. One agency of the government is revealed to have sold rice, for export, at $40 a ton to a firm which promptly resold it to another government agency for $60 a ton.

NATIONAL
REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● We are happy to note President Eisenhower's statement that no public funds have been employed by any of our military planning agencies for a "study of surrender." We would be even happier to note a cessation of Administration policies directed to the same end, contributed—by such as Harold Stassen—free of charge.

● At this writing Israel has okayed the request of the State Department to permit American Army planes to fly over its territory to Jordan, but yesterday the answer was No, as it was a few months ago in connection with another similar request, and as it may be tomorrow. The United States has done enough favors for Israel, it seems to us, to entitle us to expect that any request for "overfly" rights should be automatically granted. We have, after all, the Ultimate Weapon. If Internal Revenue started to disallow tax exemption of gifts to the United Jewish Appeal, Israel wouldn't be able to pay the cable-cost of sassing our State Department.

● In the leisurely aftermath to the smashing victory by which they blocked reappointment of Admiral Lewis Strauss as Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, the triumphant troops of nuclear appeasement are cleaning out the remaining pockets of resistance. An obscure dispatch, tucked into a back page of some editions of the biggest newspapers, reported the "resignation" of Edward Teller from the General Advisory Committee of the AEC. What next? Cessation of nuclear tests? Restoration of Dr. Oppenheimer?

● Adam Clayton Powell Jr. won the disputed Democratic nomination in a primary contest, by a vote of 2-1. Meanwhile, the Republican leaders in his district had made him a free gift of the Republican nomination. So that of *all* bids for election this fall it appears safe to say that Mr. Powell's, with *all* Republicans supposed to vote for him, and two-thirds at least of the Democrats, is about the surest political bet in the land. Oh, how the rafters of the Abyssinian Baptist Church must have vibrated last week as the Reverend Powell, surveying the wreckage of the enemy camp, praised the Lord for confounding the enemy! You have to hand it to Adam Powell, he is a fighter and a showman. Out of fellow-traveling, racism, demagogy, and an almost unprecedented rhetorical vulgarity ("The sooner [Martin Dies] is buried the better. He is one of the few people in history whose body has begun to stink before it died . . . There is only one place fit for him to live and that's Hitler's outhouse . . .") he has built what looks like about the sturdiest political career in metropolitan New York. The man has courage. To make an invidious comparison: if Republican leaders in New York had half the guts of the Reverend Mr. Powell, they would not have permitted the political destiny of the Republican Party to be shaped by Tex McCrary.

● Father Hugh Halton, the counselor to Catholic students in Princeton who was declared *non grata* by President Goheen last year for talking back to Princeton's secularists in language they deemed inappropriate to a Christian, has got a new assignment. Father Halton is being sent back to Oxford University by the Dominican Order, to pursue advanced studies in politics and diplomacy. Father Halton's enemies in the Princeton community (unfortunately, they are very numerous) will smile with satisfaction, at a fight fought and won. His friends will point out that Father Halton was at Princeton six years, and therefore, since that is the specified tour of duty in the Dominican Order, due for replacement. All college chaplains, Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish, have difficult jobs. They must defend religion in what are, notoriously, the very breeding grounds of skepticism, where the typical student is encouraged to think of religion as jejune and atavistic. Father Halton's successsor has a specially tough job. Socially he will be expected to be oh-so ingratiating. But his job is to bear witness, and if what he sees at Princeton is Moloch triumphant, that is what he is going to have to talk about, if he is to do his duty; so that six years hence, he may himself be off to Oxford, to study diplomacy.

● Twenty years ago this week, Dr. J. B. Matthews, as staff director of Martin Dies' Committee of the House of Representatives, gave his historic testimony before that Committee on Communist infiltration of the United States. Much has happened to this country, and the world, since then: the Communists pursued a brilliantly successful campaign of espionage, and policy sabotage. But much that the Communists might have accomplished, and did not, is due to Dr. Matthews, and the few others like him who in the teeth of the relentless and spiteful opposition of men who for the most part knew not what they did, pursued their patriotic course without flinching. The nation is in Dr. Matthews' debt.

● In a column for *Cue*, the magazine you buy to find out what's doing where, Philip Minoff takes NBC and CBS to task for having fired employees who had refused to testify about former membership in the Communist Party. CBS, Minoff insists, once featured a program attacking "the hobby of lynching," *yet* when "faced with an honest-to-goodness test of its movie, muffed it." (Tacit premise: lynching and firing Fifth Amendment takers are a lot alike.) "Two major networks [in a show of abject weakness] summarily blasted the careers of two men who apparently thought that their past defection would not be permitted to louse up their chances for a fresh, untrammeled future." (Tacit premise: public pressure forced the networks to violate their normal rules.) Both men worked on non-political programs, "21" and "I've Got a Secret," and thus could do no harm. (Tacit premise: the networks did not dismiss the men for their intransigence before an investigating committee but because they had 1) once been Communists and/or 2) doctored the contents of their programs.) "It seems to me," Mr. Minoff continues, "that someone who admits a past affiliation with Communism and has since demonstrated by word and deed that the monkey is off his back for good, is entitled to something like a fair shake without being compelled to respond to a detailed inquisition into his former Party activities." (Tacit premise: to thwart a committee investigating the Communist conspiracy is to prove "by word and deed" that one has renounced the Party.) Mr. Minoff concludes: "If this makes me naive, gullible, stupid or addled, that's the way it will have to be." So, we suppose, it will.

● Democracy is good and Ghana is a democracy so, naturally, Ghana is good. That the government has decreed that all government offices, schools and business premises must display a picture of Prime Minister Nkrumah, and that the protection of *habeas corpus* shall not extend to those accused of subverting Ghana's defense, security or foreign relations—all this does not, say, make Ghana a monarchy. The democracy-loving people of the United States can do their part toward helping Ghana in its latest endeavor: they can clip the pictures of Prime Minister Nkrumah taken at the daily celebrations of his American visit, and send them to Ghana to festoon government offices, schools, business premises and jail cells.

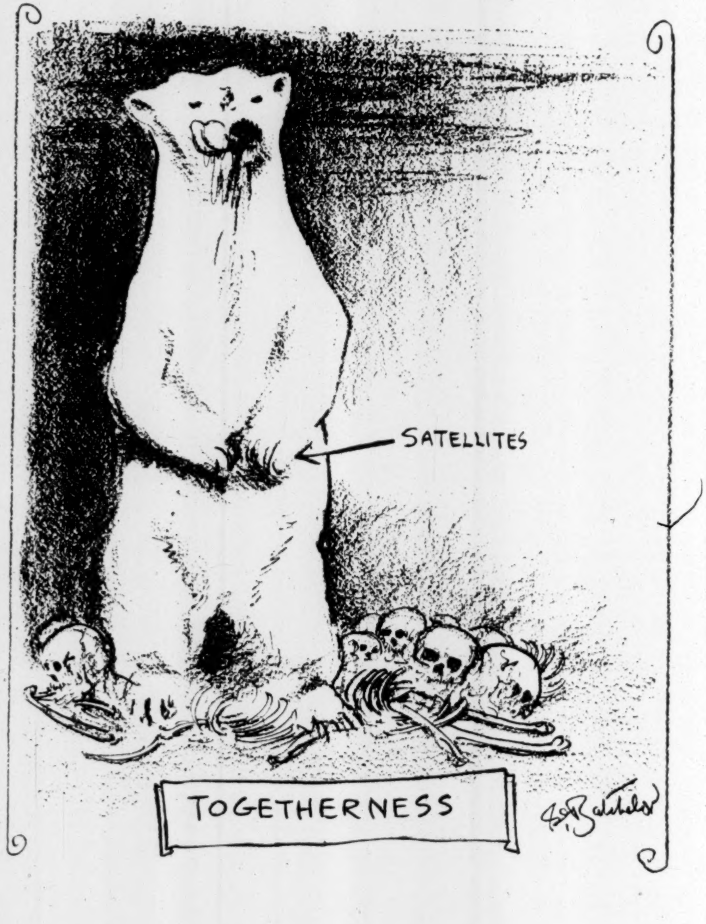
● Item for the Age of Freud and the 2½ bathroom house: The town of Lake City, South Carolina, now taxes those stools Baby is supposed to learn to behave well on (50¢ for the first one in your house, 25¢ for each additional one), etc., and townspeople, eager for the prestige that attaches to owning a house of many bathrooms, *phone* in to call attention to their tax liability.

Verdict for the Ideologues

The decision of the Court of Appeals overturning Judge Lemley's stay of execution in Little Rock is justified in terms of the perverse logic to which the Warren Court has committed the lower courts. It is quite true—as the majority of the justices of the Court of Appeals maintained, in ordering integration to continue—that the mob ought not to be permitted to set aside the law. How can one be a conservative, and not believe that? But behold the perversion of which we speak. The Law earned the respect of free peoples *because of what it had come to mean to them*: the law was the settled opinion of the majority of presumptively decent men setting up the conditions of social life. The law, issuing out of the community, commanded allegiance because of the nature of the law's sanction, because the law was the instrument of the community, and spoke with its prescriptive authority.

The South was ordered by the Warren Court four years ago to set aside *its* laws, in deference to the authority of totally alien laws that issued by abstract deduction from egalitarian ideology. The people were told, moreover, to respect the superimposed "laws" as though they were their own. *En masse,* they refused to do so; and we are supposed to be surprised?

The people of Little Rock oppose compulsory integration. The people of Arkansas oppose compulsory



integration, and said so with furious emphasis a few weeks ago at the polls. The South, as a region, opposes compulsory integration. If the Congress of the United States were to receive a bill, making the integration of public schools compulsory, the Congress would certainly refuse to enact such a bill, out of a respect for local authority.

That is the depth of the Supreme Court's unreality, and the cause of the confusion it has created in asking law-abiding men to accept the abstractionist impositions of the Court as dutifully as they would laws that reflect the lay of community sentiment. Judge Lemley penetrated the dilemma, and sought to alleviate the tension by postponing integration two years. But governed by an attitude toward the law that derives from the natural and noble jurisprudence of self-governing men, the Court of Appeals acted to enforce, to the letter, the alien impositions of the ideologues of our Supreme Court. The next step, we suppose, is up to the paratroopers.

Rockefeller It Is—But Can They Be So Sure?

Calling all students of public relations. Study carefully the job being done for Nelson Rockefeller as Governor in New York. You may live a hundred years and not see its equal.—NATIONAL REVIEW, February 15, 1958

Thus it has turned out, and now, with the capitulation of Leonard Hall, the stage is set for nomination of Mr. Rockefeller this week in Rochester.

We should like to make it very clear that we have nothing, nothing in the world, against Nelson Rockefeller. We have never known anyone who knows him and dislikes him. Heaven knows we do not begrudge him his fortune, or his fame; and we commend his interest in the affairs of the nation. We have maintained, very simply, that he is not a Republican. Or, if it is better put another way, that if he *is* a Republican, Republicanism is a farce, and the question arises, will our society be politically strong if its political organisms grow farcical?

The trend away from the serious, informed, committed politician, toward the politically inscrutable glamor boy who is putty in the hands of Madison Avenue craftsmen; that trend is unmistakable. How can one respect a political party when it rejects Robert Taft—in favor of Dwight Eisenhower? And now rejects Walter Mahoney, and Leonard Hall—in favor of Nelson Rockefeller? True, Rockefeller is not, as Eisenhower was, an unfathomable political enigma. There is an observable political tendency in the record of Nelson Rockefeller, and it is one that is in political harmony not even with the Democratic Party but with the Liberal camp of the Democratic Party. Why must he have the *Republican* nomination?

As worldly citizens of our age, we know something of the cynicism of politics. Even so, it is surely extraordinary that the overwhelming majority of the political leaders of New York State—yes, the same gentlemen who will in the next days compare him to the rising sun—have no use whatever for Nelson Rockefeller, and would infinitely have preferred Mahoney, or Hall. But they were outspent and outmaneuvered; and politicians are not, as a class, hammered out of very stern material. So they gave in, when they didn't really have to, on the tireless assumption that Republican voters have no alternative than to play along.

As to that, we shall see what we shall see.

Down the Drain

In the course of winding up its business for the session, the House of Representatives voted to sidetrack consideration of the Kennedy-Ives Labor Reform Bill until next year. Since the bill is a milk-and-water affair as projected, conservatives might argue with some plausibility that nothing important has been lost by the House's attitude. Granted, however, that the bill leaves (or left?) much to be desired, the House's failure to act on it during the current session bodes no good for the cause of labor reform.

To begin with, the pressure in Congress for curbing labor abuses will in all probability decrease as memory of the startling disclosures of the McClellan Committee begins to fade. The McClellan Committee labored mightily to put a horrifying story on the record. If its dramatic findings could not spark a conclusive vote on even a mild labor bill at a time of almost universal clamor for legislative action, then what is to be expected from a future congressional session which lacks a comparably spectacular goad? After all, one can hardly look for a McClellan Committee repeat in 1958-59.

Weak as it is (or was?), the Kennedy-Ives Bill would have been better than nothing. As things now stand, the best hope for curbing the labor monopoly rests with the right-to-work bills in the various states.

Clouds Over the Caribbean

Is it possible that while our national eye is focused on the distant Mideastern pasture, the thief is breaking into our Caribbean barn? The news from Venezuela—whose oil is more crucial to us than Araby's, whose geographical position overlooks *our* Canal and our own strategic threshold—darkens day by day. The overthrow of Dictator Pérez Jiménez last January may have been—as our Liberal mentors hailed it—a great triumph for democracy; but its sequel is beginning to look like a smashing defeat for the United States.

The Venezuelan Communist Party, outlawed under Jiménez, has rushed back in what *Time* calls a "red surge," with "decisive power in the daily press" and cells infiltrating the most important economic, political and social organizations. Two weeks ago the Communist-run oil workers' union demanded that the government change the oil contracts with U.S. companies from a 50-50 to a 75-75 split in the net profits. A week earlier Communist-led mobs had forced the Junta chief, Communist-coddling Admiral Wolfgang Larrazábal, to dismiss from his cabinet the single anti-Communist—Defense Minister Jesús María Castro Léon. They shouted the same curses against "Yankee imperialist dogs" that they had practised against Vice President Nixon in May.

Ahead lie general elections for which the Communists are building the Popular Front that they hope will in good time send the Yankee dogs whining back to their kennels.

Haunted Speech

Columnist Joseph Alsop, whose pipelines into the Department of Defense are invariably clear, has been warning us of "the gap"—meaning the years 1960-64, when this country's missile development is expected to lag considerably behind that of the Soviet Union. Taking off from the Alsop warning, Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts has come up with a speech calling for the U.S. to make renewed efforts for reduced armaments, reduced tensions and reduced areas of conflict with the Soviets. This, he says, would be following a "strategy of the underdog"—the same sort of strategy the Communists themselves conducted "during the years of their gap" (1945-50) when the U.S. had a monopoly of the atomic bomb.

Without contesting for the moment the value, propagandistic and otherwise, of calls for disarmament, which the Soviets did indeed exploit in the 1945-50 period, we can only utter amazement at Senator Kennedy's idea of the Soviet "strategy of the underdog." Far from trying to "reduce tensions" with the U.S. in 1945-50, the Soviets succeeded in those very years in widening every possible area of conflict with America.

Well, we suppose Senator Kennedy was merely making a campaign speech. We hope his dreams of reducing "the gap" by reliance on calls for disarmament are not unduly disturbed by memories of a book he once wrote. The title was *Why England Slept*.

A Scientist's View of a Sane Nuclear Policy

An inconclusive and ambiguous United Nations study of radioactive fallout has just been published. In 1955, when it was first proposed that the UN should undertake this project, the world-famous mathematician John von Neumann (who died last year) commented on it in a confidential memorandum to Admiral Lewis Strauss, then Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission:

". . . The present vague fears and vague talk regarding the adverse worldwide effects of general radioactive contamination are all geared to the concept that any general damage to life must be excluded. This approach is absurd. No industry, no human effort, no progress has ever been achieved on such terms. Every worthwhile activity has a price and the only relevant question is, whether the price is worth paying.

"No progress in medicine was ever achieved without incurring physiological and biological risks. The history of X-rays is an eloquent example of this, and no one can tell whether our present practices with antibiotics and hormones may not repeat some phases of that experience.

"The chemical industry has affected local climate in some important cases in unforeseen—and sometimes still unexplained—ways. Every industry, every new means of transportation, imposes its quota in casualties and fatalities.

"We willingly pay at the rate of 30,000-40,000 additional fatalities per year—about 2 per cent of our total death rate!—for the advantages of individual transportation by automobile.

"The safety standards of the nuclear industry are a good deal higher than those of the established industries . . . All our Pacific tests had casualties—all, except the Castle fallouts, were due to non-nuclear activities. The Castle fallout had one fatality [from fallout] . . .

"The really relevant point is: Is the price worth paying? For the United States, it is. For another country, with no nuclear industry and a neutralistic attitude in world politics, it may not be. In a United Nations discussion we must concede ahead of time that we may not concur with other countries' evaluation in this regard. The evaluation itself may involve questions of national interest, and ours may differ from that of other countries . . .

"A certain amount of international unpopularity is therefore unavoidable for us, and we will have to accept it."

As We Live and Breathe!

We found ourselves, the other day, rubbing our eyes in astonished disbelief as we finished reading the most convincing analysis ever made in defense of the policy of non-recognition of Communist China. Could it really be . . .? Yes, there was no doubt about it: this was an official declaration of the U.S. Department of State, dated August 9, 1958. By evidence, precedent and meticulous reasoning, the document demonstrates exactly why recognition of the Communist regime "would produce no tangible benefits to the United States or to the free world as a whole and would be of material assistance to Chinese Communist attempts to extend Communist dominion throughout Asia." It shows how recognition would aid the Soviet Union "in the long range struggle [to] bring about the global dominion of Communism," and would turn the strategically located "overseas" Chinese over to Communist control. For good measure, the declaration also examines the fallacies of the "two Chinas" policy—recognition of *both* the Free *and* the Communist regimes—that the incurable compromisers have proposed.

As we pondered the mystery of this clear, firm statement's sudden rising out of the muddy State Department swamp, a passing fancy struck us. Suppose that Owen Lattimore were still consultant on Asia to the Department. Suppose that its Far Eastern Division were still being run by his good friends, John Carter Vincent, John Stewart Service, Oliver Edmund Clubb, and John Paton Davies—as it was before the Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee conducted its inquiry into the Institute of Pacific Relations, and as it would be run today had that inquiry never taken place. On such supposition, what sort of document on China policy would the summer of 1958 have brought forth? Our guess: a statement explaining why we must accept the Communist conquest of all Southeast Asia that would by now have taken place if these hands had remained on the wheel.

Weary Burden

Dr. Robert Hutchins has been giving a public account of his stewardship, past and future, of the 15 million dollar kitty that, six years ago, put the Fund for the Republic in business. The Fund, he says, now has left a scant five million, of which four million are to be spent, over the next three years, on a new "program" intended to "identify and clarify the major forces in American life that affect traditional freedoms"; or, if you don't happen to like that way of putting it, to tear down the "cliché curtain, [the] veil of slogans and illusions that separate us from reality." At the end of the three years, with less than a million dollars left, the Fund will—mercifully—"close up shop." It is seeking no further funds, and sees no likelihood of any further moneys just drifting in.

We commend the Fund for enacting a program that contemplates liquidation of its corpus. Other foundations should follow suit, sparing society perennial coexistence with immortal creatures that are spawned by the wills of mortal men.

As to rendering a final judgment on the Fund, that must await the pen of a right-wing Homer who, surveying all the works, good and mostly bad, will one day write its epic. The central facts about it are, now that it is entering the final phase of that battle, worth keeping fresh in mind: every penny of its money came to it thanks to the daring and wisdom of a hard-bitten old capitalist who, when he said "freedom," meant—freedom. The panel of "Consultants on the Basic Issues" that has presided over the distribution of the Fund's largesse is made up wellnigh exclusively of men and women who would not be caught dead defending the system in which Henry Ford thrived.

Augean Task

A couple of years ago several alumni of Harvard decided to give a little organizational direction to their political dissatisfaction with their Alma Mater. The proximate irritant was the fawning invitation to physicist Robert Oppenheimer to give a series of lectures named after philosopher William James, which had theretofore been delivered by scholars of more conspicuous ethical discrimination. The Harvard Veritas Committee (as they called it) raised a considerable row, synchronizing its efforts with those of conservative Harvard undergraduates.

Now the Harvardmen, whose instinctive expansionism will not surprise students of American educational history, have broadened the scope and concern of their committee, dropping the "Harvard." The Veritas Committee has been set up as an educational trust, "to educate [no less] the officials, teaching staffs, governing bodies, undergraduates and graduates of American colleges and universities upon the subject of Communism, the international Communist conspiracy and its methods of infiltration into the United States." That's all—it takes a Cambridgian self-assurance (and a bulldog's tenacity?) to take on such a job. We wish the Veritas Foundation all the luck in the world, and refer those of our readers who want to know more to P.O. Box 340, New York 5, N.Y.

Notes and Asides

'What to Do When Khrushchev Comes to New York?'

A few weeks ago, when it looked as though Nikita Khrushchev would sure enough be arriving soon in New York (and who knows? the Summit minds may change yet again), we ran a paragraph inviting our readers' ideas ($5 each for the ten best answers) on the question, What to do when Khrushchev comes to New York.

To say the least, we have been deluged. The venerable *Times-Dispatch* of Richmond, Virginia, didn't think much of our notion that New York should devise means for making Mr. Khrushchev's visit "the most embarrassing and uncomfortable two days he ever spent." ("Wholesale harassment of the Red boss would serve no constructive purpose. On the contrary, it might assure the failure of the proposed conference. And despite our suspicions of any Russian promises, we are not ready yet to say that no conceivable good could result from East-West discussions of world problems.")

But every other response advocated one or another form of genteel, and some not all that genteel ("Kill the bastard. Five dollars please," was the entry of Mr. James Stahlman, publisher of the Nashville *Banner*), harassment. Many ideas were duplicated, in which cases the money must go to the first letter in. The very day the issue came out, we had a wire from Mr. Phillip Lightfoot Wormsley IV ($5) of Washington, D.C.: "CITY'S CHURCHES COULD CONSTANTLY TOLL THEIR BELLS." The first of many who advocated the silent treatment was the Reverend Jerome P. Holland ($5) of Port Washington, New York (". . . as he passes, let everyone silently turn his back to him"). Many, notably Mrs. Henry Jans ($5) of Sprague, Washington, advocated prayer ("It will be too late for anything else, and it's the only thing he's afraid of"). Several forwarded the recommendation of Mr. David Lawrence ($5) of *U.S. News and World Report*, asking that he be sent the money. ("Let the kinsmen of the patriots of the captive states parade flag-draped coffins down the streets of New York day after day . . . so he may be reminded that in America, at least, we do not glorify murderers.")

That there should be widespread mourning almost everyone seemed to agree. Mrs. Winthrop Wilson ($5) suggested he be met by "hordes of people dressed in mourning," that "every building he passes be draped in black crepe." Mr. J. F. Doolan ($5) of Hamden, Conn., visualizes a long series of floats, representing typical scenes of Russian life, including "a float truly representing the Iron Curtain with its barbed wire frontiers—followed by one showing the Canada-U.S. boundaries." Mr. J. I. Lowry ($5) of New York was for a minimal contact with U.S. soil (". . . he should be flown in by helicopter and landed atop the UN building. There be provided with a cot and sterno; and remain therein until picked up by helicopter and deposited in the People's Paradise"). An anonymous contributor (to whom we would cheerfully have sent $5) recalls the treatment given by a proud old Indian chief in the State of Washington to two brash city slickers who wanted him to trot out his tribe to do a little dancing for the amusement of the ladies. "The old man drew his blanket around him and looked straight ahead. He did not hear them. They did not exist. The men were awfully embarrassed and chagrined. After a few more tries they went away, mission unaccomplished. Excellent treatment for Khrushchev. Nothing, but nothing hurts deep-in like being ignored completely. If everyone, waitresses, waiters, taxi drivers—policemen, every American neither saw them, heard them, nor recognized their existence . . . that would be a day they would remember, forever and on into eternity."

Further on the theme of silence is Mr. Mike Bowden's letter ($5—the judges, needless to say, are incorruptible), who writes from Ohio: "You ask what to do when Nikita gets to New York? Ignore him. P.S. Keep your five bucks. You may need a stiff drink or two when *my* advice is ignored." Mr. Herve Charest, publisher of the Tallahassee (Fla.) *Tribune*, has very special notions as to the worst form of torture America knows how to inflict: "Make him sit through an Ed Sullivan show." Messrs. Brian McCrory and John Callahan Jr. ($5), students in New Haven, addressing their letter to the Committee for the Unequivocal Humiliation of Nikita Khrushchev, propose "that every policeman on Operation Khrushchev report sick on the day of his arrival. Certainly the entire force could not be fired." Miss Gail Frances Marron ($5) of Peekskill, N.Y., makes five concrete suggestions to illustrate how one might while away the hours in a concerted drive to ignore Mr. Khrushchev. The program, one of mortification of the flesh, calls for: "1) Visiting an aunt in New York. 2) Working in the garden. 3) Attending to your delinquent correspondence. 4) Taking your mother-in-law to a movie. 5) Going to the dentist. 6) Not buying the *New York Times*."

And finally, Mr. Verne Kaub ($5) of Madison, Wisconsin: "May each citizen pray for forgiveness for whatever share of blame may be his for the fact that our leadership in the past has all too often encouraged rather than opposed the growth of the power and influence of the Soviet regime."

The Odds Against Knowland

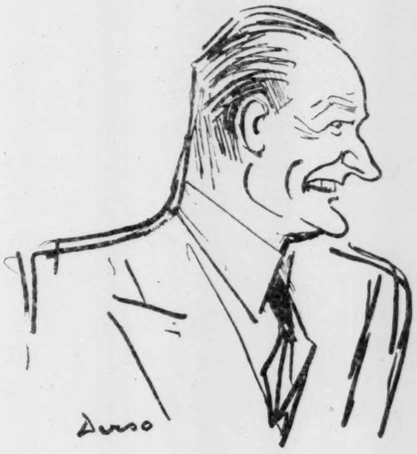
The political future of California, says Mr. Ryskind, hangs on this year's contest for Governor. The odds against Knowland are terrific—and so is the suspense

MORRIE RYSKIND

When Bill Knowland, toward the end of 1957, called the reporters in to announce he would not be a candidate for re-election to the Senate, American conservatives were profoundly disturbed. Knowland had worn with notable courage and distinction the mantle bestowed on him by Bob Taft, and, as both majority and minority leader, had served the Republic well. In spite of the exceptional number of second-raters now sitting in the Upper House, the Senate still remains the great showcase of democracy: and here Knowland had displayed his wares, and overwhelmingly the conservatives had liked what he had to offer and bought eagerly. (So eagerly, indeed, that the Labor Bosses had marked him for political death, labeling him Public Enemy Number One; while the Republican Branch of the Establishment, fearful of its fate in 1960, had made a behind-the-scenes effort to depose him as GOP leader, an effort that died a-borning.) And here was Knowland abdicating, so to speak, at the height of his power and prestige.

The mourning was greatest, quite naturally, in California, where for almost two decades a coalition of right-wing Republicans and a group of conservative Democrats who resented the seizure of their party by groups ranging from a mild pink to a deep red (not unlike the alliance of Taft Republicans and Southern Democrats that ruled the Senate so long) had overcome the preponderantly Democratic majority in the state and had given sweeping triumphs to men they had credited with their own beliefs, and then had watched these same men let them down. They had elected Earl Warren Governor, deeming him a staunch opponent of the Welfare State, and had then helplessly seen him go over to the enemy. They had backed Dick Nixon in his successful senatorial race against Helen Gahagan Douglas, and they had listened, not too long afterward, to Nixon attacking McCarthy in a speech Mrs. Douglas might have made. They had pinned their faith on Goodwin Knight who, as Warren's Lieutenant-Governor, used to ask sarcastically, "When are we going to get a Republican in Sacramento?" And when the President, paying off a political debt with compound interest at usurious rates, made Earl Warren the fourteenth Chief Justice of the United States, they had stared dumbfoundedly as Goodie, once safely ensconced in the Governor's chair, proceeded to out-warren Warren. Only Bill Knowland, in twenty-five years of public service, had never betrayed their faith.

So the telegrams and the letters poured in by the thousands and shortly afterward, Knowland responded to each with a note that hinted he was not yet ready to retire from the political arena and that he might have a message of some import for us shortly. That could mean only one thing: and Goodie Knight began to fidget uneasily on his throne and have bad dreams o' nights. His premonitions proved to be true: Knowland came to California during adjournment, threw his hat into the gubernatorial ring, and his gauntlet down before the union bosses by announcing that he intended to fight for voluntary unionism.



Needed: a Miracle

And all hell broke loose.

From Goodie and the bosses came cries of anguish and blood-curdling oaths, but in conservative ranks joy reigned unconfined. We thought it was going to be a cakewalk to Sacramento, and then a hop, skip and a jump to the White House in 1960. It never occurred to us that with our ablest vote-getter leading the ticket, we might need a miracle to get as far as Sacramento.

Not that the day of miracles is over—we all saw Bob Taft pass one in Ohio. Against more money—some of it pilfered quietly in various guises, most of it taken brazenly from union treasuries all over the 48 states and the territory of Hawaii—than had ever before been thrown into a political pot, against a nationwide campaign of abuse and vituperation perhaps unequaled in our time, Bob Taft, who had squeaked through narrowly the first time out, carried almost every sector of Ohio—including the labor districts—overwhelmingly. But Taft had a whole year in which to lay the facts before the voters, and in that year, in a carefully mapped-out campaign, had covered every section of the state thoroughly; he had with him a solidly united party; and he had in his corner the Democratic Governor of Ohio, the sturdy Mr. Lausche, whom Horatius himself would have welcomed at the bridge.

Don't sell Bill Knowland short, but he will have to pass an even bigger miracle to win in California in November. His own funds are scarce, while those under the control of the union bosses are at the disposal of the opposition; his campaign, because of his duties in the Senate, cannot start before August 28—which gives him about two months to cover the country's fastest-growing state, whereas Pat Brown will have been out on the hustings for over a year. Remember that he has no solidly united party behind him; indeed, running on the same state-wide ticket are at least four candidates who have pointedly refrained from endorsing him and are highly vociferous in their opposition to him and what he stands for; and one of these candidates is the Republican incumbent Governor, running for Knowland's vacated Senate seat, whose picture is plastered all over California on billboards, paid for by the unions, that urge us to vote for Goodie Knight and Pat Brown. Even the greatest of Notre Dame fullbacks would have difficulty gaining a yard against the Vassar eleven if four of his own linemen were in cahoots against him and were busy throwing knives at him instead of charging the enemy line.

Add to this the cold, hard series of figures that show that Knowland, cross-filing in his primary campaign for Senator in 1952, ran up an amazing majority of 1,600,000 on both tickets; and that in the June primaries of this year, Pat Brown topped him by a convincing total of 600,000.

Right-to-Work Issue

What happened? Well, some of the answers are obvious. And Dean Lipton, in his August 2 article in this journal, gave you the picture of doings up north. The same sort of thing went on in the southern part of the state. The Hearst press, here in Los Angeles as in San Francisco, has never missed a chance for a nasty innuendo against Knowland when discussing Proposition Eighteen (the Right-to-Work Initiative). They never mention the fact that Knowland, while in the State Legislature, fathered the bill that did away with yellow-dog contracts in California. And their recommendations for the primary will make a collector's item some day: they endorsed right-wingers, pinks and middle-of-the roaders alike, provided they were incumbents and probable winners. But in the governor's race, palpably afraid of Knowland's record as a vote-getter, they allowed the reader his choice and remained neutral. The odds are, my guess is, that having read the primary returns, they will come out for Brown before election.

In this section, at any rate, the Establishment was successful in bringing religion and even the color line into the picture against Knowland. Thus, shortly before the primaries, union meetings were addressed by priests, ministers and rabbis who warned them not to eat of the forbidden fruit of voluntary unionism. And then it was made official. The board of directors of the Church Federation of Los Angeles, with only three dissenting votes (says a news story), adopted a statement in opposition to right-to-work legislation. And, says the Hearst paper I quote from, "The Federation represents an estimated 1,000,000 members of 26 Protestant and Eastern Orthodox denominations." The implication is as obvious as the inference we are expected to draw: the Protestants oppose right-to-work, 1,000,000 to three. A pitchers' duel.

Well, if you Gentiles start that sort of thing, don't expect us Jews to stay out of it. It's a free country, isn't it? And so this is followed by a statement from the Board of Rabbis of Southern California. They take the same stand, but they say that it's the Old Testament where you really get the low-down on why right-to-work is immoral.

And then comes the NAACP: they demand 1) a completely interracial National Guard, and 2) down with right-to-work. They don't mention the Biblical source of their second point, but I suspect it's from the writings of Amos and Andrew.

And here's an item I write especially for Vice President Nixon, since he reads NATIONAL REVIEW and is shortly due out here. I found in the southland a highly organized move on the part of some pro-Nixon boys to get rid of Knowland politically by voting a straight Republican ticket with the exception of the Governor, where they urge a vote for Brown. I say highly organized, because I found traces of it from Beverly Hills to Long Beach. I am certain that Nixon himself had no part in it, but I also am certain it exists. If the Vice President should come across these lines, I'd appreciate it if he spoke a little sternly to some of his eager beavers. After all, Dick, if Pat Brown gets elected, it won't matter too much *who* gets the Republican bid in 1960; California is due for seven new congressmen and the state districts will be so gerrymandered by a Democratic Legislature under Reuther-Meany control that Pat Brown's boast, "California won't elect another Republican in this century," may well come true.

The stakes are pretty high: California, come what may, will remain in the union. The question is whether the union will be the U.S.A. or the AFL-CIO.

Come on, Bill! Come on, Miracle!

Let's Get Freud!

Oh, wave the banners for Mental Health . . .
(For we all must be mentally healthy!)
And this condition does *not* depend
On our being revoltingly wealthy!

For G. B. Chisholm, of Mental Health
(Not to mention one Julius Schreiber)
Has now discovered *delightful* means
Of improving our rational fiber!

The plan embodies the casting off
Of the hindering bonds of "morality";
It means, dear ladies, to shout "Olé!"
And away with repressing formality!

Yes, Mental Health is a worthy cause
And our ids are all fettered, from 'way back
So deck your bosoms with daisy chains
And adjourn to the handiest haystack.

Oh, let's all gambol and frisk and romp . . .
Let's throw a whing-ding of a party!
We may emerge as physical wrecks,
But, MAN, we'll be mentally hearty.

ELEANOR MELLICHAMP SMITH

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

The Dike Breaks

For a dozen years, and against the most formidable pressures, congressional opponents of federal aid to education more or less held the line. The argument that prevailed in session after session: federal aid is bound to lead to federal control. The federal government cannot be expected to enter the school-building business, the argument ran, without assuming responsibility for what goes on in the schools—*i.e.,* for the *content* of education. Last week Congress once again bolted the back door against federal control: school-construction bills were turned down decisively by both houses. It then proceeded to throw the front door wide open.

The National Defense Education Bill, adopted by the Senate by a 62-26 vote and now being hammered into final shape by Senate-House conferees, is a perfectly straightforward attempt to make public school curricula and the student's choice of subjects conform to the desires of the federal government. The bill is designed, in the words of its own preamble, "to stimulate the development and to increase the number of students in science, engineering, mathematics [and] modern foreign languages . . . and to provide additional facilities for the teaching thereof. . . ." The "stimulation" is to be furnished by assorted means—primarily by federal scholarships for superior students to be selected by state commissions (the scholarship provision, voted down by the House, was reinstated by the Senate and will undoubtedly be retained in the final version); by federal loans to needy students, again selected by state commissions; by federal contributions toward purchase of laboratory and other equipment for science, math and language courses; by federal subsidization of "guidance, counseling and testing" services. Advocates of the bill make no bones about it—if the "stimulation" succeeds, U.S. schools will increasingly turn out the kind of student the federal government wants.

It Hurts Either Way

There is no guarantee, of course, that the stimulation will succeed—or even, under the terms of the bill, that it will be furnished. Anti-federal-aid congressmen bore down hard on the fact that the state commissions are not *required* to subsidize the so-called national defense subjects; concretely, that the commissions are directed only to give "special consideration" in the scholarship and loan programs to science, math and language students. Therefore, they asserted, the bill authorized federal aid for "teaching the arrangement of flowers and tap dancing." Arguably, they are correct: in part to ward off charges of federal "control," the bill has left the states a measure of discretion that can, in practice, be used to divert federal funds into the promotion of courses that have nothing to do with national defense. And that is the very reason that opponents of federal aid felt the bill had them coming and going.

To the extent the states do *not* use federal funds for subsidizing the "national defense" subjects—or to the extent they use the funds for that purpose, but fail to achieve the shifts in school curricula and student course-selection that Congress desires—to that extent, the bill will become a federal-aid-to-education measure, pure and simple: a general subsidy to the schools that bears no demonstrable relation to defense. To the extent, however, that the states push the subjects Congress approves—and that the "stimulation" *works*—the federal government will have done what federal-aid advocates have assured us it would never do, namely, take a hand in determining the content of U.S. education. And no matter what happens, a precedent for the federal government *trying* to influence the content of education will be available, and beckoning, in the days ahead.

Will Congress be tempted to go further? The Senate Majority Leader is as good a man as any to listen to on this subject. "It would be a mistake," Senator Johnson said, summing up for the bill's proponents, "to consider this solely from the standpoint of national defense." We need persons skilled in the natural sciences, true; but that isn't all. "We need men and women who understand Aristotle as well as Darwin, who are as familiar with Shakespeare as they are with Newton." The National Defense Education Bill "is an important step *in that direction.* It is only the first step but, as such, it is an historic landmark . . ." (Emphasis added.)

And therein the great tragedy that underlay the whole of Congress' debate. Along with the rest of the nation, members of Congress suddenly understood—it showed up in such speeches as this—that the trouble with U.S. education is its *quality,* not, *e.g.,* the number of classrooms at its disposal. But when it came to solutions, the majority could think of nothing but money, federal money. The afflatus had never been imparted.

One argument for the money solution is that America is full of budding Einsteins and Newtons who can't afford to go to college. Early this year, Indiana's Superintendent of Education appointed a committee, headed by Clarence Manion, to check the theory in Indiana. The Manion Committee undertook a comprehensive survey of the high school population—aptitude examinations, financial questionnaires, the works—and came up with 53 students of scholarship ability in math and science who needed and wanted financial assistance. The problem of the 53 was then laid before the State Chamber of Commerce, which promptly underwrote the bill.

And since Indiana doesn't need the money, Senator Jenner told his astonished colleagues last week, Indiana doesn't *want* it. Jenner thereupon tacked on an amendment to the federal-aid bill, excluding Indiana from its benefits. The amendment will probably be stricken in conference, but for Bill Jenner—and Indiana—it was a moment of glory.

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Mideastern Irrelevancies

Mankind is an incorrigibly myth-making species. It is marvelous to observe how, in the history of great struggles that seem too complex for rational understanding, the participants invariably find an outward and visible symbol by which to express the essential meaning. An eleventh-century Emperor humbles himself before the Pope at Canossa. A Prime Minister hurries to Munich, not Hitler to London. Lee hands his sword to the victor—and Grant (to signify that it is still to be one nation) hands it back. De Gaulle forbids his ministers to meet with the committees of the Assembly . . .

By just such an instinct for myth, the special UN General Assembly meeting found an opening symbol to pierce through the diplomatic fog and clutter. Ostensibly the meeting had been summoned to discuss problems of the Middle Eastern nations, in particular of Lebanon, Jordan and the United Arab Republic. According to the experts, these problems are an infinitely complex brew of Arab nationalism, oil imperialism, Zionism and anti-Semitism, mass demand for a better life, subversion and counter-subversion, feudalism *vs.* progress, kings *vs.* demagogues, etc., etc. According to the UN Charter, all UN nations are equal in the eyes of Dag Hammarskjold.

But when everything was brought to focus in the public ritual, the Middle Eastern potentates (demagogues, generals, kings and regicides alike), the experts, and 79 of the equal UN members dropped out of sight, while history's moving finger shifted thousands of miles away from the Middle Eastern acreage that was the nominal subject.

What the Symbols Said

The spokesman for Washington mounted the rostrum and had his say. The spokesman for Moscow followed. And that was that. Session adjourned. During the days following, the 79 non-coms and privates trooped to the microphone with 79 formulas for lining up with X or with Y.

The symbolism showed, with the usual accuracy, that the supposed Middle Eastern crisis is in reality a crisis in the relations between Communist Russia and the United States, between the Soviet Empire and the West, a crisis in the unfolding, irreversible struggle for the world.

This is why President Eisenhower's reasonable, generous, and dull-as-dishwater six-point plan is not so much incorrect as totally irrelevant. If Communist Russia did not exist and if there were no struggle for the world and if the Middle East were not a key to the outcome of the struggle, then the President's plan might be rated a constructive, statesman-like proposal for dampening the local Mideast fires and fostering an orderly development of the regional economy.

But under the real circumstances, how are Dag Hammarskjold and a token UN "peace force" drawn from the little (and powerless) nations going to guard the threatened oil wells of Kuwait and the British base at Aden—not to speak of the southern passes of the Caucasus? Who is going to feed and fuel Jordan if her neighbors lock their borders? What will Dag Hammarskjold do if Lebanon's new President Chehab applies for membership in the United Arab Republic? Who will check the Arab soldiers and students who go for training to the Soviet Union, and the Soviet "technicians," "scientists," "educators" and "artists" who—along with the Soviet tanks and ships and planes—arrive in swarms?

What if Israel, encircled and desperate, launches a preventive attack before her Arab enemies can complete their military buildup? What if a rebellion starts in Turko-Iranian Azerbaijan or Kurdistan, calling for "reunion" with the ethnic comrades over the Soviet border? When Emir Faisal of Saudi Arabia makes his deal with Nasser, will the UN Security Council protect the oil contract of Aramco and the U.S. Air Force's use of the Dahran air base? And, for that matter, what is a $100 or $200 million "economic development plan" going to accomplish that a couple of billion in current oil royalties can't do?

These questions do not point to distant possibilities, but to likelihoods of the near future. There is nothing in the Eisenhower plan that gives an answer to a single one of them, because there is no answer to the underlying and controlling question: is Communist Russia to be permitted to establish itself in, and eventually take over, the Middle East?

Let's Pretend

One can while away an idle hour by wondering what the world response to the President would have been if he had addressed the General Assembly as follows:

"The United States and its NATO allies believe that it is vital to their strategic and economic security to prevent a Russian breakthrough into the Middle East. The local nations do not have, and for the foreseeable future will not acquire, the strength to prevent the Russian advance, which is already in motion. Therefore the United States and its NATO allies require and will hold a minimum number of suitable military installations in or bearing on that region; and will guarantee, by suitable measures of their own instance, the strategic communications of the region along with the physical production and transport of its oil. These necessities provided, the United States and its allies will not interfere in the domestic affairs of the region or its constituent nations; and will be prepared, whenever this would be welcome, to assist—by political, economic and technical measures mutually agreed on—the development of the Mideastern polity and economy in accord with the desires of its inhabitants and our reciprocal interests in general well-being and world peace. That is all. Thank you."

The Right to Sponge on Everybody

The New Vices, or: The World Turned Upside Down

COLM BROGAN

An Oxford undergraduate is currently earning an honest penny by working as a pavement artist. This is not surprising, for in the ancient universities of England proletarianism has become something of a fad. Nor is there any surprise in the fact that the young man needs the money. He is studying at Oxford on a County Council grant which he finds insufficient. Therefore he gets busy with his crayons and lays down his cap in supplication for the coppers of passers-by.

What does give food for unpalatable thought is the reason for this method of supplementing his grant. He explains that he does not wish to "sponge on his parents." I find this remark profoundly and alarmingly significant. It does not occur to this young man that his grant is provided by other people's parents. Properly enough, he feels no sense of shame and perhaps no sense of obligation because his education is being compulsorily paid for by people who have never heard his name. But he is too proud to take a penny from his father, the one man who has a natural duty to support him in his studies and should take a natural pleasure in doing so. Rather than do that, he holds out his cap for alms.

I find this alarming because it is an expression of a social philosophy which is beginning to make me a stranger in my native land. Unless there is a drastic and improbable change of mood, the time will come when people like myself will be unable to communicate with supporters of the opposite philosophy because we lack a common vocabulary.

To the young Oxford undergraduate, "independence" means what "dependence" means to me and to numerous other old fogies. I find this hard to understand. It is to be presumed that a public authority provides for the young man's education in the hope that his Oxford training will make him a more useful citizen when he enters the world where men have to earn their keep. But it is possible that the public may get nothing back for their money, for the young man may decide to emigrate or to take up some occupation to which his education is totally irrelevant. Whatever he does, the one taxpayer who can expect solid satisfaction from any success he may achieve is his father. If he does well for himself, though not for his country, in Canada or Australia the custodians of the public purse, though wishing him well, might be forgiven for thinking that they have banked rather heavily on a non-starter, but the father will surely take pure satisfaction in his son's success.

Yet the new spirit of independence insists that it is the father who must not be asked to contribute one extra penny towards that success. If money is exacted from total strangers and given to this young man, he appears to feel he is enjoying a right as native as the air he breathes. To supplement this grant, he resorts to begging at one remove, and still feels that he has preserved his independence as a kind of economic virginity, untainted and indisputable.

If this young man were an eccentric he would not be worth a word of comment, but he speaks for a growing multitude. Students who feel humiliated if they take any help from their parents join the pressure group which campaigns for higher grants and works out how much extra the State ought to give so that they can enjoy cigarettes and an occasional sherry. They quite genuinely feel they are being independent.

Not a Shilling for Dad

This curious interpretation of an old concept is by no means confined to students. The State old-age pension is admittedly insufficient to meet all the reasonable needs of the old, but not many of the old have no other source of income. Yet large numbers of old ladies and gentlemen who feel they would lose their independence if they accepted help from prosperous sons and daughters, join in the clamor for a higher basic pension to be given to all, totally regardless of need. I heard one old gentlemen objecting strongly to the most recent increase. His wife is also a pensioner, and he complained that he would have to pay income tax at the standard rate on his wife's increase: she would get the extra money and he would get the tax to pay. It did not occur to him that it was against the public interest to pay any more money from State funds to a man whose total income brought him well within the range of the full scale of tax. He would accept the money with bland equanimity, but he drew the line at the tax.

The man who runs a car, buys his wife a fur coat and spends his holidays on the Continent as likely as not will speak with affectionate admiration of his fiercely independent old Dad who will take nothing from those who owe him life itself, but preserves his delicate self-respect by demanding more from the community which owes him nothing in particular. Man after man has told me that when his laborer's task is o'er he will never be a burden on his children; he will be a burden on the State instead. For every old person who rejects help from his family there are several younger people who warmly agree that they should not be called upon to do anything for their parents. (Until recently, and perhaps still, the niece of one of Britain's most famous soldiers of this century was living in a home for indigent women.)

During the last war a Socialist member of Parliament made a tear-jerking speech on the plight of the old, and instanced a patriarch in his constituency who had between sixty and seventy living descendants. The miserly Government, he said with deep emotion, had refused to give the old man an extra half-crown a week to buy some of the little comforts that are so dear to people in the evening of their days. It simply did not occur to the M.P. that if the descendants had clubbed together, they could have provided the extra half-crown at less than the cost of one newspaper a week to each. It did not occur to him because his mind did not work that way.

The old virtues have become the new vices. The man who is willing to provide for his aged parents will find as likely as not that his neighbors believe he is setting a bad example and encouraging "them" (the impersonal authority) to evade their duty. It is considered anti-social to reject family allowances and free medicine. As for paying for your children's education, there is a strong body of opinion which insists that this practice should be banned by law. People used to refuse public benefits on principle; now they demand them on principle. It used to be thought that the recipient of public charity could preserve his self-respect only if he could show dire need. Now it is thought that a man forfeits his self-respect if he consents to show need.

Needless to say, not all people in Britain think in this way, but those who don't are rapidly losing all possibility of communicating with those who do. Disraeli's Two Nations are reappearing in a more alarming way than he ever envisaged. After all, the gulf between rich and poor was not quite impassable. Some of the poor became rich or at least comfortable, and there was also some crossing of the gulf from the other direction. But there is no bridge over the gulf where social black on the one side means social white on the other.

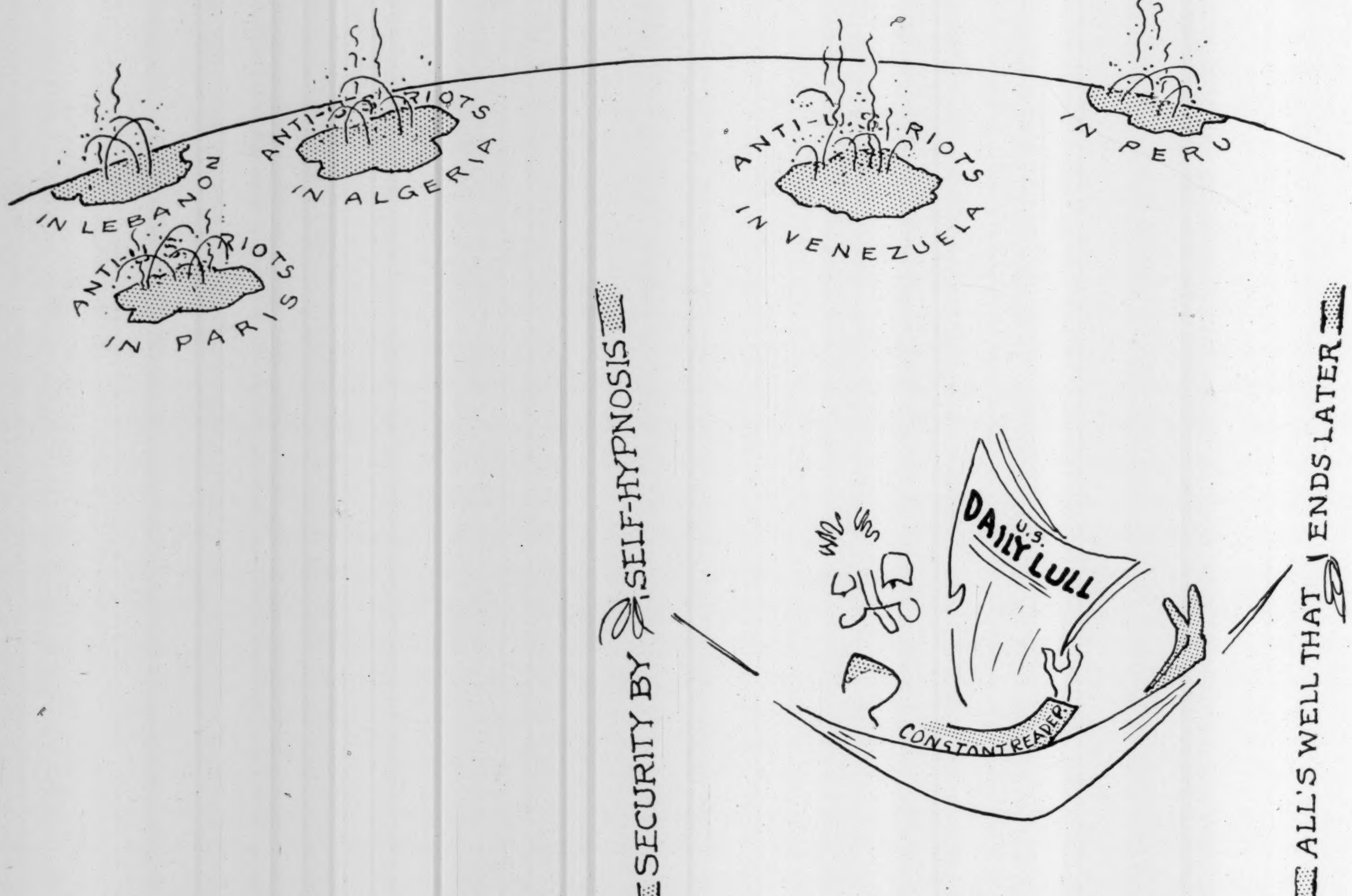
Socialist orators are fond of praising Robert Burns, whom they astonishingly believe to be one of themselves. Scottish Socialists, if no others, have read Burns and ought to be familiar with his views on "the manly privilege of being independent." Burns wrote:

> I've got a penny to spend.
> I owe it to naebody.

This is exactly the opposite of the new philosophy:

> I've got a penny to spend.
> I owe it to everybody.

More accurately, it should be, "Everybody owes it to me." This they describe in complete sincerity as being independent. It will be interesting to learn how they define solvency when at last they run the nation irretrievably into the red.


ANTI-U.S. RIOTS IN LEBANON
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SECURITY BY SELF-HYPNOSIS
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS LATER
U.S. DAILY LULL
CONSTANT READER

Kreuttner

"What do you want in a foreign policy—Perfection? It's good that these things are happening, otherwise the only way we would know how we stand is by listening to conservative alarmists who always turn out to be right but who don't deserve to be."

Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Half Slave Half Free

The Houses of Parliament are now in the middle of their long summer recess. M.P.'s are away on their holidays. Ministers, on the other hand, are mostly staying at home or at any rate near the telephone. August, as Mr. Bevan pointed out, has been crisis season all our lives, and 1958 seems no exception. The ding-dong postal chess game with Mr. Khrushchev continues, while Mr. Macmillan flies imperturbable as ever to Athens and Ankara in another attempt to solve the insoluble problem of Cyprus.

The Labor Party is a good deal more jittery. The next General Election still need not take place for nearly two years, but within that limit the date is up to Mr. Macmillan, who will clearly choose what seems to him the most advantageous moment. The Socialists can no longer look forward to this election with the complete confidence they felt a few months ago.

They are not likely to be much helped by the publication of their new pamphlet, *Plan for Progress,* which outlines "Labor's policy for Britain's economic expansion." This dismal document finally completes the series of policy statements in which the Party has expounded its views on everything from equality to agriculture and saddled any future Labor Government with the most appalling load of dogmatic lumber.

Plan for Progress eschews old-fashioned demands for nationalization; the electorate has too much experience of that to vote for more of it. Instead it offers a modern socialism which aims less at abolishing the capitalist economy than at running it. The socialist planners are to scrutinize the investment program of every large firm. If they consider the volume of investment ill-directed or too large, they will order it to be reduced. If they consider it too small, they will order it to be increased. The shareholders will of course have no say in the matter.

The authors of this pamphlet are very scornful about the Conservative Government's policy of credit restrictions. Inflation seems not to worry them over-much: it is merely a by-product of the unplanned economy. "To jettison expansion for the sake of achieving price stability," they say, "is like throwing out the baby in order to keep the bath water clean." A Labor Government would take off the brakes. Production would be increased for the sake of the workers whether the rest of the world wanted to buy the goods produced or not. Public-spirited people would all cooperate with the planners, and if anyone didn't—why, then means of coercion might have to be found.

No sooner had *Plan for Progress* appeared than a counter-blast was issued by the Victory for Socialism group which represents the left wing of the Party. Their pamphlet, *Industry Your Servant,* is a much more full-blooded affair. None of this milk-and-water stuff for them. In an economy where there is still a major section of private ownership, the planners are always liable to be circumvented by the cunning of the profiteers. The purpose of the next Labor Government "is not merely to run a mixed economy more efficiently than the capitalists but to transform it into a socialist society." Therefore "the vital industries and the 600 large companies" must be nationalized. For the rapidly shrinking private sector "there should be legislation to require increasing and effective participation of the workers in policy-making." For individuals there would be "a capital gains tax, a capital levy, a selective expenditure tax, severe death duties (and an equally severe tax on gifts designed to avoid death duties)" and, if necessary, "a scheme of compulsory savings."

The authors, having heard of the managerial revolution, admit that modern industry is largely administered by people for whom the motive of personal profit hardly operates: but, they say, though such people may not be influenced directly by personal profit, they behave as though they were. This is probably true, but what the planners with their touching faith in officialdom will never realize is that it is equally true of bureaucrats and the administrators of nationalized industries.

None of this, you might think, is exactly election-winning material. It presumably goes down well with the left-wing faithfuls, but they vote Labor anyway. These pamphlets should be more useful to the Conservative Party as far as the ordinary easygoing British voter is concerned. Unfortunately that voter pays no more real attention to Socialist threats than he did to *Mein Kampf* or the *Communist Manifesto.* He likes the idea of the Welfare State and ignores unpleasant possibilities.

The Conservatives are therefore forced to compete in the Welfare State market. When Parliament reassembles in the autumn, one of the first things the Government is likely to propose is a complicated "national superannuation scheme"— compulsory, of course. Conservative Chancellors of the Exchequer, no less than Socialists, have been using the Budget as an instrument of social and economic policy instead of regarding it simply as the means of producing the minimum amount of money required for defense and the business of government. Nor have the Conservatives been able to stop inflation, which is what the country needs and the electorate wants.

Or rather what some of the electorate wants. It is mere cant to pretend that nobody gains from inflation. Certain sections of the community do gain very considerably, at the expense of the rest. Because the gaining sections are better organized and more powerful than the others, wages continue to rise in Britain though world commodity prices fall and people talk about the threat of a slump.

The Labor Party no longer believes in a really socialized economy. The Conservative Party no longer believes in a really free economy. We have to live half slave half free, and the consequences can hardly be expected to be very good.

The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

"In Review" in Review

"The News of the Week in Review" of the Sunday *New York Times* regularly includes: a) a relaxed but unabashedly tendentious summary of recent international and domestic developments; b) a selection of the best recent cartoons from out over the nation and from abroad (meaning by "best" both "best" and "most likely to forward the *Times'* editorial policies"; c) a series of long, slow-paced, full-of-slant-and-background stories from the big names on the *Times'* reporting staff; and d) an editorial page that differs from the editorial page through the week in four respects. First, the *Times'* future editor, James Reston, takes over column five from Arthur Krock, who on Sundays moves his eloquent pleas for the continuance of the American political tradition and for reaction-in-general over to page three. Second, the editorials themselves lay off the pace of the day's news, and seek to probe whatever "deep issues" of the moment the *Times'* editorial board is capable of recognizing. Third, the "Letters to the *Times*" section always looks as if things might have been saved up for it. Fourth, it is the one document that appears each week that no student of the Liberal Propaganda Machine dares miss, because it is the hemp-pile at which the cordage of the Liberal Line originates.

On a typical Sunday (August 17) the editorial page of "The News of the Week in Review" carried:

—An editorial placing the *Times'* editors' stamp of approval on President Eisenhower's "plan" for the Middle East: the plan is a "constructive program for humanity's sake," and has "immense possibilities"; it does, to be sure, still need to be spelled out in "much more detail"; "specific plans" will, however, be forthcoming in due course from the "proper agencies" after the latter have been "approached" by the Secretary General; the "danger," meantime, a danger full of "potential tragedy," is that those who accuse the President of "putting the economic cart before the political horse" (that being, apparently, where the economic cart belongs) will debate the plan into a "dreary stalemate"; another danger is that the Arabs, foolishly forgetting that "they must help themselves," will give "mere lip service" to Eisenhower's proposals, and set up a "suspicious whisper" about "neo-colonialism." (Curiously, the *Times* sees no such danger in current proposals for regional—U.S.-financed of course—development in Latin America, where the men who threw eggs at Vice President Nixon are sure to welcome U.S. aid not with gratitude but with charges of U.S. "imperialism" and "economic penetration." But there are reasons why the *Times* thinks more realistically about the Middle East than about Latin America.)

—A letter to the editor from Williams College political science Professor and arch Soviet apologist Frederick L. Schuman in which, without pausing for a single word either of apology for the Soviet Union or of blackmail concerning the destructiveness of nuclear weapons, he straightens the *Times'* staff out on the implications of recent archeological discoveries regarding the ancestry of man. The discoveries have, Professor Schuman insists, by no means upset "Darwin's view that apes and men had a common ancestor," nor do they "eliminate any link between man and the ape"; man belongs, today as yesterday, along with all monkeys and apes, to the "order of the primates"; like monkeys and apes, man "evolved from the . . . tree-shrews who first appeared . . . 70,000 years ago." (Professor Schuman does *not* profess to have been there; he bases his statement on the "evidence of comparative anatomy," which, one gathers, he has looked into in his capacity as member of the American Anthropological Association. The letter leaves this columnist, interested as he is in another aspect of the ancestry of man, wondering what answer Professor Schuman would give to the old question: If a litter of kittens were born in an oven would you call them biscuits?)

—A letter from another "name" political scientist, Stephen K. Bailey of Princeton, presumably calculated to ease *Times* readers over the transition from its Suez policy to its Lebanon policy: If we are ever to think clearly about foreign policy, we must abandon at least one current "ideological anachronism," namely, the "legalisms of sovereignty" that might keep us from "interfering" in the "internal business" of other countries even where interference is clearly called for by our "mission [to assure] human freedom"; what we need is a new set of rules, under which we would feel entitled to interfere—with, if you please, military *force* no less—whenever a) our interference is requested by a government "whose stated ideals and demonstrated actions conformed to at least pre-constitutional norms," or b) we can, by interfering, "help all constitutionally minded groups to develop the administrative, political, and economic skills necessary for establishing the environment within which human dignity can grow." (If that covers China, Indonesia, Hungary, Poland, and Egypt, not to speak of Lebanon and Jordan, this columnist couldn't agree more with Professor Bailey.)

—An editorial patting President Eisenhower on the back for his "forthright" stand on those unthinkable "studies" about what would happen if the United States were to surrender; anything that might be "construed or misconstrued as 'defeatism'" is a "danger"; "free men cannot tolerate even the thought of surrender of their freedom"; rather, "they have faith in the righteousness of their cause and are confident of its ultimate triumph." (The *Times* seems unaware that free men can nevertheless pursue policies—the *Times'* policies, for example—that will lead inevitably to surrender; and not the less inevitably because, when the moment for surrender comes, free men can boast that not one of them has ever mentioned it, or thought forward to its consequences.)

»BOOKS·ARTS·MANNERS«

Bad Dream Come True

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Facing me as I write, there is a shelf of books redolent of a period. The titles evoke a myriad of nostalgic responses. There is Joseph Freeman's *An American Testament*, the story of an idealistic phase of the Communist movement. There are the memoirs of Max Eastman and Floyd Dell, who, together, used to keep the old *Masses* going in an atmosphere that was playful even when it tried to be starkly insurrectionary. There is Mary Heaton Vorse's *A Footnote to Folly*, the reminiscences of one who was forever finding a renewal in the labor movement. There is Upton Sinclair, that perennial Utopian, with his *An American Outpost*, and Oscar Ameringer with his *If You Don't Weaken*, and Oswald Garrison Villard (*Fighting Years*), and Art Young (*On My Way*). And, of course, Lincoln Steffens with his giant *Autobiography*, and Clarence Darrow with *The Story of My Life*.

There, in the titles, lives the "social justice" period. The pages of the books still glint, the aspirations run high. The young men and women who thronged in and out of Greenwich Village, coming from the picket lines of Paterson, N.J., or back from an interview with Trotsky, or from a harangue in some smoky hall about the "revolutionary sincerity" of Norman Thomas, were all "on their way," all manning "outposts," all resolved not to weaken, all looking for a redemption in a formula outside of themselves.

And now we have a book by Eldorous L. Dayton, *Walter Reuther: Autocrat of the Bargaining Table* (Devin-Adair, $4.50). The book is significant for a reason which does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Dayton: Walter Reuther represents what became of all those youthful aspirations of the early part of the century, when young America thought a collectivity could take the place of the individual soul.

Walter Reuther, in Mr. Dayton's book, remains something of an enigma. How far toward the Communists did he go in the early nineteen thirties? Is he still an idealist, with a quasi-socialist orientation, or is he merely making a play for more personal power in the labor movement than Sam Gompers, or John L. Lewis, or Phil Murray, ever had?

Since human motivations are mixed and twisted at best, Mr. Dayton does not succeed in providing specific answers to such questions. We know that Walter Reuther and his brother spent a year in Germany and in Russia in the early thirties. But the fact that the brothers looked with sympathy on the "workers' fatherland" when they toiled at the Gorki automobile factory in the Soviet Union may have meant only that they were Dos Passos characters in the flesh, trying an adventure on for size. We know that Walter Reuther was a Young Socialist, a "Yipsel," for a period in Detroit before he severed formal relationship with the party of Norman Thomas to become a New Deal Democrat. But these things prove little when we are trying to unravel the Walter Reuther of today. Others were Communists and broke with Communism; others were Socialists who lived to find their way back to freedom. The real point, with Reuther, is that he grabbed hard on something when he was a young man, built his life on it, helped create a gigantic organization to support it—and now finds himself the prisoner of the thing he hoped to dominate and direct. Like others of the social justice period, he thought he was shaping the future in an ideal pattern. But the future went its own way. Unable to dismount his juggernaut, Mr. Reuther now finds himself condoning or supporting all sorts of things which have no relation to justice, either social or personal.

Item one: Mr. Reuther is committed to making his union into a mammoth monopoly, even to the point of averting his eyes when his goons slug workers in a Wisconsin plumbing factory which hasn't the remotest connection with the automobile business (unless Mr. Reuther himself has a plan for putting wash basins in the new Ford, or tiled bathrooms in the Cadillac).

Item two: Mr. Reuther is out to name a President of the United States (say, Soapy Williams of Michigan, or Jack Kennedy of Massachusetts) who will obey his orders far more smartly than McKinley or William Howard Taft ever leaped to the signal of J. P. Morgan.

Item three: Mr. Reuther is committed to making American industry over, not on formal Communist lines, but on a Guild Socialist pattern which would put union officials in a position to control pricing, production schedules, wages, dividends and even styling and the analysis of customer response. "Encroaching control" is what G. D. H. Cole, the old English Guild Socialist, used to call it.

Item four: should purchasing power fail at any time in the future, Mr. Reuther is for performing a "sympathectomy" on the nerves that transmit all the necessary signals to the free competitive system. His operation would compel the government to buy and stockpile cars, portable houses or anything else that is necessary to keeping workers at work.

What all this adds up to is a world of slavery. There could be no rights in a Reuther-dominated system. The worker would join the union and keep his mouth shut in the union, "or else." (The proof? It is there, in Kohler, Wisconsin, where men have been broken for questioning the power of the United Automobile Workers carpetbaggers who have crossed Lake Michigan to tell a small community what to do.) In a Reuther-dominated world there would be no room for the free play of sectionalism in Congress, the give-and-take which results in forbearance and in the reality of John C. Calhoun's "concurrent majority." The Reuther system would soon make ownership in industry a merely nominal thing. The entrepreneurial function would largely disappear; it would be so rigidly subordinated to labor checkmate that no maverick such as the American Motors Company's George Romney would be possible in Detroit, or anywhere else. Finally, a Reuther-run government would be committed to an eternal balancing act on an inflationary escalator. One would be unable to "store value" either in property or money, for titles would be meaningless and money would be continually dissolving.

Such a world could be "democratic" (after all, every single one of Reuther's desires could be validated by exercise of the political franchise at the polls). But, once we were committed to the Reuther way of doing things, there could be no escape, save through chaos.

MR. DAYTON leaves us with no illusions about Mr. Reuther's ambitions, his reflexes and his drives. Though the book is flamboyant in some sections, and sketchy in others, it documents the nature of all Mr. Reuther's planning. It does, however, miss the great irony: it is those nice, idealistic people who wrote all those appealing autobiographies back in the "social justice" period who made Mr. Reuther what he is. Mr. Reuther is a generation's dream come true—and in its reality the dream has proved to be a ghastly mockery.

Well, let us dream again. Let us dream this time of freeing the individual, not the collectivity. Let us dream in the knowledge that we get what we dream. If you doubt it, just go back to those books by Floyd Dell, Lincoln Steffens and the rest and see how they set up the ninepins for Mr. Walter Reuther.

Prisoner of Time

DUANE THORIN

WERE IT not written by a Communist, Milovan Djilas' second American publication, *Land Without Justice* (Harcourt, $5.75) would appear at first glance to be entirely without objective purpose. On the surface it seems to be little more than the egocentric reminiscings of an outgrown delinquent, with something of a persecution complex, justifying his misdeeds by pointing to his "underprivileged" background.

Considering the detailed accounting of his family history, one might be inclined to credit Djilas with a remarkable memory; but he makes it clear that family legends—as with all history to the Communist mind—are fabricated as necessary to serve the purposes of the fabricator. In concocting his own legend, Djilas calls himself a poet. Since the rhythm of his verse is that of falling heads and dripping blood, there are several things to consider in deducing the purpose of *Land Without Justice.* The mayhem reminds one of that era in American TV when a program was rated not by count of the listeners, but by the number of "dead bodies" within the show itself. There is also marked resemblance to the Spillane-type novel; though instead of just one "Hammer" beating away at injustice, a great variety of meticulously named yet still anonymous folk engage full-time in lopping off each others' heads and setting them up on stakes. Apparently Montenegrins of those times had unusually strong hearts. Nary a one of the countless wounded and killed was so commonplace as to simply bleed, or even to limit himself to "oozing." Rather, they all "spurted"—and the surrounding walls or the countryside was splattered in the process. Thereafter—and ever after—even the grass retained a decisive blood-hue. Such is Djilas' "poetry."

As to the purpose of this "poem": it is quite obvious that both of Djilas' U.S.-published works were written for an American audience. But where *The New Class* was designed to promote certain Marxisms and a "democratic-socialist" philosophy through the ruse of a dialectical criticism of "contemporary" Communism, *Land Without Justice* seems primarily intended to promote the author himself.

If that seems superfluous in the light of the tremendous publicity campaign for Djilas, coincident with his first book, it is well to recall another campaign which began at the same time. "Poet" Djilas' entry on the American scene was not confined to the literary arena. Certain political factions in this country became immensely interested in bringing him to America in person, to "speak, write and travel." This event would call for more than mere publicity — it would call for advance promotion.

AMERICANS are accustomed to, and therefore skeptical of publicity campaigns. Of course, a good many unquestioningly accepted the representation of Djilas as an "heroic, anti-Communist martyr" in connection with *The New Class.* And no doubt some will, with similar blindness, accept his current build-up as a "regenerated Communist leader" who is now an "articulate champion of democracy." But others must be "sold" in a different way; hence the "human" side of democracy's "savior from within Communism" is now presented in his "autobiography." If the efforts to bring Djilas to the United States ever bear fruit, to the degree he has become *personally* acceptable to the American public, just so receptive will that public be to his preachings on the Utopia of "democratic socialism."

There is a little of more direct purpose in *Land Without Justice.* At the beginning and end of most chapters, there is to be found some philosophical tidbit, albeit somewhat vague. And one chapter is devoted primarily to atheistic gospel—denunciation of religion and "proof" that God does not exist. It contains the standard nihilistic fare—"If God exists, why are men so cruel to one another. . .? If God does not exist, is not all then permitted?" So it seems that even though Djilas is (purportedly) in great disfavor with the regime, he is still exercising one of the "freedoms-within-Communism"—the "freedom of anti-religious propaganda." Perhaps if Tito's "different" brand of Communism were liberal enough to permit *pro-religious* propaganda, Djilas could have had answers to those questions by now. For it could then have been pointed out to him that however cruel men might be who profess God, those who deny Him are even more so.

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage. . ." Various of Djilas' supporters in this country have tried to apply that to their Communist protégé. However, the revelation that his American-published works were *not*, as originally claimed, written in *prison*, but in his apartment home is reason enough to view with skepticism any reports emanating from Communist Yugoslavia as to Djilas' present circumstance. The "smuggled-out" routine is wearing a bit thin, as well.

But regardless of Djilas' present or past circumstance—in prison or out, the aforementioned quote can hardly be fitted to him. For the only part of his "poetry" with a ring of sincerity is pure lamentation, and quite obviously self-centered: "Are men doomed to become the slaves of the times in which they live, even when, after irrepressible and tireless effort, they have climbed so high as to become the masters of the times?"

And here, again, were not "freedom-within-Communism" so restrictive, the answer—if Djilas really seeks an answer, could be his. Men can deny God, but reason compels them to recognize Eternity. If, then, they would be free of their "times" they must also recognize certain Eternal Values. But mastery of the "times in which one lives" calls for mastery of the world and all its people. Those like Djilas, who themselves aspire to such mastery, must deny God simply because they seek to establish themselves in His place. Thus, Utopian ideologists—call them Communists, Social-Democrats or what you will—having exchanged their souls for the promised pottage of "freedom from want, strife and fear," must seek all ends from the brief moment out of eternity wherein they *exist* on earth. Such men, no matter how "high they have climbed," cannot be anything else but slaves to their times.

Letter from Paris

Intellectual Life and Politics

THOMAS MOLNAR

INTELLECTUAL life in Paris, summer 1958, as in Europe generally, centers almost exclusively around political problems. The presence of Malraux and Soustelle in the cabinet is symptomatic of the greedy appetite of politics in our time. A writer and an archaeologist, both brilliant men, are thus lost for literature and scholarship at an age when so much could be expected of them in their chosen fields. And they are not alone: Mauriac and Camus are other outstanding examples of artists who cannot leave the limelight of semi-political life, and would find almost a public resistance (or, at least, incomprehension) if they tried.

The bookshops in Paris reflect this eclipse of literature. They are filled with art books, books of documentary interest, and, of course, with political writings, both on theory and action. Practically every day a new series of political brochures appears in the windows, containing immediate and hard-hitting replies to the ones published the week before.

Literature itself is represented by bulky volumes of literary histories, either as a collective enterprise of specialists (like the one directed by Emile Henriot), or summing up recent decades, like young Pierre de Boisdeffre's work, listing over two thousand names.

It is true that the summer is no season for literary effort. Today in France literary prizes and juries dominate the world of *belles-lettres*, and since the greatest of them, the Goncourt jury, convenes only in December, there is no point in publishing at this early date to be forgotten by the time the literary high priests give out the rewards.

This habit of writing-for-a-prize, deplored by serious critics, is a sign of literary formalism and sclerosis. The recipe for successful writing is practically given: it tacitly recommends the theme of the young man with university background and lost horizons, going through the purifying experience of war, resistance, liberation, and post-liberation. I said purifying experience, but of course it may be just the opposite: in that case the hero's cynicism and hard-won ideological disillusionment leads to other complications, no less studied and dry. Even the Goncourt Prize novels of the last three years are second-rate as far as their literary value is concerned.

Only about politics is there true in-

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tellectual life and interest. The center of attraction—and of discussion—is, of course, de Gaulle, although even his close associates admit that the General is basically a pragmatic man, a man of action whose decisions are reached in day-by-day contact with reality. There is no contradiction between this attitude and the image that the public—in France and abroad—has formed of de Gaulle as a man with an exalted vision; as in June 1940, so in June 1958 he has chosen a clear objective, but he insists on complete freedom as to the means of reaching it.

On the other hand, French intellectuals who are used to responding to an ideological stimulus are in an embarrassing position. There are no slogans forthcoming which they can discuss, criticize, and analyze to shreds under their own ideological microscopes except what is much more than a slogan, the reconstruction of France and the restoration of the State. Indeed, how could one put a Malraux and a Soustelle in the same boat, unless the captain were a man of de Gaulle's stamp and his ideal supra-partisan?

The present ideological embarrassment of French intellectual life seems to favor those men who, like de Gaulle himself, have no use for labels, who ignore the sacrosanct division of their compatriots' political and social interests into Left and Right. The General himself, since his Brazzaville speech in 1942, has claimed to be a "revolutionist," certainly not in the Marxist-Leninist tradition, but in the sense in which every intelligent conservative at this mid-twentieth century is a revolutionist—opposed to leftist-liberal orthodoxy.

THE GROUP of young men whom I met at the far from sumptuous editorial offices of *La Nation Française* in the Rue Cadet would be called "rightist" according to the—alas—still common terminology. The Rue Cadet itself is a picturesque and narrow street at the borders of the ninth and tenth arrondissements where the voices of street vendors compete with the horns of cars, and in whose market-day atmosphere the smell of fresh bread predominates. In other words, this is not the milieu popularly associated with "rightist" politics and journalism.

The editors and contributors of *La Nation Française* are the first to protest such labelling. "If writing and working for social justice and the betterment of people's condition is a leftist task, then I am on the left," explains Jules Monnerot (whom the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW know as a commentator on French affairs); "yet, it stands to reason," he explains, "that no sound society, and hence no progress is conceivable without conserving what is essentially healthy among the existing social forces and traditions."

Pierre Boutang, editor of *La Nation Française*, draws on the talent and fervor of a large and varied group. Well-known economists and sociologists meet in the printing shop and in the noisy courtyard (where the editors' Vespas are parked) with twenty-year-old students of the École Normale Superieure; policy is discussed over bottles of wine on the upper floor of a nearby restaurant where young businessmen friends of the weekly exchange ideas with old habitués of Parisian journalism.

The most obvious impression one receives from the conversations is that these people are *open* and unafraid, and that they do not subscribe to the *"plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose"* of hardened, all-too-wise politicians. In their eyes there is a future for France, and what happened on May 13, while not a *solution,* is one of the possible *expressions* of this future. Boutang, Monnerot and their friends do not lament the passing of the Fourth Republic because they think in terms of individuals and groups, not of regimes and political systems. Behind the Algerian movement they detect an authentically popular note and inspiration; a new force (I shall call it "enlightened nationalism"), and not what the Marxist analysis of a Claude Bourdet insists on seeing: the agony of an economic interest group, mobilizing a band of fascists for its protection.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ONE LANGUAGE FOR THE WORLD, by Mario Pei (Devin-Adair, $5.00). The interesting part of this book is a cursory and lively account of the more noteworthy attempts to devise an "international" language. Dr. Pei estimates that about six hundred such attempts have been made, and one can only marvel at the fantastic waste of time and energy by enthusiasts who imagined that they could heal the world's woes by inventing a new language. This entertaining survey should have been published for its own sake, but the author chose to make it part of an argument that One World ought to have One Language, and he invents an elaborate procedure whereby that One Language will be selected and imposed on the world by New York's flossiest and dullest burlesque show. One can only suggest that the United Nations should simultaneously take an equally important step toward international understanding by decreeing that the circumference of a circle shall be equal to exactly three times its diameter. The assembled delegates could then form a chorus and perform *entrechats* while singing "All God's chillun got *pi.*"

R. P. OLIVER

THE BEAT GENERATION AND THE ANGRY YOUNG MEN, edited by Gene Feldman and Max Gartenberg (Citadel, $4.50). This is a well and generously selected anthology of the American Beats (Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Clellon Holmes, "William Lee," etc.) and the English Angrys (John Osborne, Kingsley Amis, John Wain, etc.) plus five critical essays on one or the other. Reading it may not make you like these writers but will give you a pretty fair idea of the two principal new trends in postwar Anglo-American writing. The Englishmen are quite competent and rather slick, several of them already commercially successful. The Americans—the beat writers, with their nihilist "disengagement" from both the ideologies and the conformist structure of contemporary society—are more extreme, more offensive, and in substance much more interesting.

J. BURNHAM

To the Editor

NR, Esquire and McCarthy

After reading your editorial in the August 2 issue, "Esquire's World and Joe McCarthy's," I read the article by Mr. Rovere. Your response is a masterpiece of dignity and truth.

Chicago, Ill. MARJORIE J. FEEHERY

I have not read your periodical before this and I feel now that I probably never shall. But there are two reasons why I have taken the time to write you this note.

The first is that having with some relief noted the conclusion of the McCarthy debacle several years ago I had assumed we Americans would have the common sense to leave the subject to the barrooms—where it and your peculiarly incoherent editorial belong.

The second may be a little more difficult for such emotional people to understand. We are all in complete agreement that Mr. McCarthy was a modest, steadfast and courageous man; but apparently it must be pointed out one more time that many a ship of state has been driven quite resolutely onto the rocks with modest, steadfast and courageous men at the helm. . . .

New York City CARROLL B. STOIANOFF

You gave the only possible decent answer to the contemptible *Esquire* and its Richard Rovere. I can breathe again, somewhat, and hope—a little hope—that somewhere, sometime, some place, the men who are working day and night to kill Senator McCarthy's work will be brought to justice. . . .

Thank God for men who dare to speak the truth. This applies especially to the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Homer, La. FRANCES P. MIMS

I was keenly disappointed in your answer to Mr. Rovere. His article was a detailed, circumstantial, pseudo-intimate portrait; an adroit mélange of truth, half-truth and untruth; a very slick, superficially high-level hatchet job. The way to answer this is not by philosophical abstractions alone. These have their place—*after* you have washed away the smears with an accurate portrait. As it is, you did not *answer* Mr. Rovere; and so he wins by default. . . .

New York City AURELIE SIMMONS

For 400 pages of the facts, see McCarthy and His Enemies *(Chicago, Regnery, 1954), by L. Brent Bozell and William F. Buckley Jr.* ED.

. . . One ludicrous statement [in your editorial] particularly caught my eye: "It is a hopeless, quite literally hopeless task, to bring the professional critics of Joe McCarthy to examine the facts on which they hang their brutal indictments." . . .

Remember, during his famous Milwaukee speech, when dear old Joe, in effect, called Gen. George Marshall a "traitor"? And remember when a spineless individual, then running for the Presidency of the United States, stood silently by during this vituperative diatribe?

But, of course, Joe McCarthy was such a fine "American." So is the rattlesnake.

Philadelphia, Pa. FRANCIS I. GOWEN

There are two misstatements of fact in Mr. Gowen's letter. Not a bad average in 100 words on Senator McCarthy by a typical critic. ED.

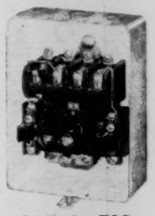
Erratum

Your recent reference [July 19] to Dr. Opitz's new organization called The Remnant is very informative, but has a trifling error. The Lord did *not* give this guarantee to Job, but to Isaiah—the essay by Nock is called "Isaiah's Job," so the coincidence led to a forgivable error.

San Gabriel, Cal. ROBERT D. NORTON

Doubts About Rockefeller

The article about Nelson Rockefeller in the August 2 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW is more than interesting. Some months ago you mentioned the story that if Stassen, Shanley and Rockefeller could get the nominations in their states, win or lose, they would control the Republican delegates to the 1960 convention and try to block Nixon. There are two down and one



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to go. New York Republicans would be unwise to nominate Rockefeller because in my opinion he would not stand a Chinaman's chance of beating Mr. Harriman.

Kingston, N. Y. A. S. HICKEY

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Inflationary Time Lag

Your issue of June 7 has an editorial commenting on prices. Frank Chodorov, further in the issue, says: "that prices have been held up . . . can be accounted for by the inflationary practices of the government during the past two decades."

Let's pinpoint that. One inevitable result of federal deficit spending is new printing-press paper money. This new money is not thrown into circulation with one toss nor is its impact upon the consumers' price index abrupt. A look at the record will show that it takes about four and a half years for the full effect to be noted.

From 1948 to 1958, the year 1953 had, by far, the greatest federal deficit; 1953 plus four and a half years equals today. The federal deficit spending of 1953 is specifically the cause of the more rapid increase of prices today. And that 1953 deficit is acting so in spite of and more strongly than our 1958 increase of unemployment.

Denver, Col. L. T. BROWN, M.D.

Browning on Browning

In his review of *Letters of the Brownings to George Barrett* [June 28] Robert Phelps speaks of "his terror of self-revelation" as a "fault which lies at the heart of Robert Browning's whole poetic *oeuvre.*"

The truth is that Robert Browning does reveal himself, as completely as any poet can. His tremendous body of poetry, from "Pauline" in 1833, when Browning was 21, to "Absolando" in 1889, when he was 77, is, in fact, his autobiography.

Arnold described "Pauline" as "a dialogue of the mind with itself." But after "Pauline," Browning changed his poetic technique, due to the criticism of John Stuart Mill who, in reviewing "Pauline," wrote: "With considerable poetic power, the writer seems to me possessed with a more intense and morbid self-consciousness than I ever knew in any sane human being."

The effect of this criticism on the youthful Browning was revolutionary. He decided to alter his whole technique in poetry and to make it "dramatic in principle, and so many utterances of so many imaginary persons, not mine." Accordingly, he experimented for several years on this basis until he mastered the art of self-revelation through the words of his characters. . . .

Wyckoff, N.J. MARGARET RAMBAUT

How Wide the U.S.A.'s Moat?

James Burnham, in a refreshingly original article [July 19], contends that the Soviets sincerely desire atomic disarmament because their greater manpower would enable them to win a conventional war easily. From this assumption, he concludes that atomic disarmament on our part under any system of inspection would be strategically foolish.

It seems, however, that Mr. Burnham misses a point or two. The Soviet Union can never achieve its end of conquering the world as long as the United States remains free and powerful. Because of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, our natural "moat," the United States cannot be reduced to submission with regular armaments. The losses inflicted by our interceptors and anti-aircraft would make bomber runs with ordinary bombs prohibitively expensive in terms of the damage done. Missiles would likewise become useless because of their inaccuracy and lessened destructive capacity. To land and to supply infantry on the American continent would be impossible against determined resistance. Consequently, atomic disarmament would give the United States virtual invulnerability in case of war. It would permanently frustrate the Communist goal of world domination. . . .

Charleston, W. Va. CLARK WOODROE

Mr. Burnham Replies

It is probably true that in the first phases of a general war fought with conventional weapons, the Soviet Union could not occupy the continental U.S. This is, however, irrelevant to my analysis of the bearing of nuclear armaments on the wider problem of the power balance between the Soviet Union and America. For a fuller demonstration of why nuclear disarmament is to Russia's advantage, I suggest that Mr. Woodroe read Part II of Raymond L. Garthoff's recent study, "Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age."

Kent, Conn. JAMES BURNHAM

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1. It will help support research seeking to isolate the cause of this mysterious crippling disease. Over 50 separate research projects investigating the nature of Multiple Sclerosis are now under way.

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3. It will contribute to the Fellowship and Scholarship Program of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society. This program encourages basic research among young scientists in areas related to the disease.

4. It will help inform the American public about this grim disease. Multiple Sclerosis afflicts 500,000 Americans and yet its symptoms are relatively unknown to the average person.

5. It *may* contribute to a major breakthrough in the battle to find the cure for Multiple Sclerosis. The first such breakthrough occurred in 1957 when a young researcher at the Washington University School of Medicine discovered that the site of disabling Multiple Sclerosis is a structure called the glial cell.

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